

Sequachee Valley News.

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THE CAPTURE OF THE RATTLESNAKE

A Story for boys by "Red."

"Say, boys, there is going to be a big picnic here next Friday—a lot of city folks—and they offer a prize for the biggest rattlesnake captured, and I know where I can get one. Who will go with me to catch it?" said Ralph Bingham to a crowd of his chums one August afternoon.

"Why, Ralph, you can't catch a rattlesnake without getting bit," said one of the boys.

"Struck, you mean," interjected another.

"Struck or bit, it don't make any difference. You die and get all swelled up and look awful, an'—"

"Botheration, boys, who's going to get bit?" said Ralph. "I know where I can find a rattlesnake—at least, I think I can, and if any of you fellows won't go with me, why I guess I can go with myself." This was said with an air of utmost unconcern.

All the boys, Will Adams, Tom Harkness, and Fred Eames, hastily volunteered, and at once the quartet set out in high spirits for the abode of the rattlesnake.

The scene of the incident is in the Tennessee mountains where the rattlesnake is a dangerous foe and difficult to contend with. The boys are eager for adventure as well as endowed with lots of spunk and it was with the utmost enthusiasm that they followed their leader, eager to catch sight of the reptile.

Ralph led the way to a deserted coal opening, the approach to which was interrupted by obstructions of stone and logs, called "rock bars" in the vernacular of the country. When the four arrived at the base of the enormous pile of black coal and slate at the mouth of the mines, Ralph stopped and said:

"Boys, I guess you had better stay here a moment and let me go up there and examine the ground. There is a pool of water up there and rattlesnakes seek water, especially in hot times like this, and if there is any around he is in that water."

So up he went, slipping in the masses of soft debris, and his companions watched him ascend, inspecting the ground carefully as he went. They saw him reach the top some fifty feet high, and then he disappeared as he went back towards the mouth of the mine, only to reappear a moment later.

"Boys, he's here," he said in a voice of suppressed excitement, "come on up."

Stealthily and with bated breath the boys climbed up and stood beside Ralph, who extending an arm, pointed out the reptile. He was in a little shady nook, surrounded by rocks, and lying partly coiled in a little pool of water. His diamond marked body just matched the golden sand in color, and it was a difficult matter to distinguish him from his surroundings. His ugly triangular head was in the centre of his coil, while his rattles were erect behind him.

"We've got him," said the boys all together, and under the leadership of Ralph, they proceeded to make the snake a captive.

"Will, you and Fred, cut some long poles," directed Ralph, "and Tom and I will peel off some hickory bark and then we will see what we can do with the gentleman, but be careful where you step, there may be another here."

The poles were hastily cut amid half-suppressed whispers, and much excitement. Tom looked up in speaking to Ralph when he was in a kneeling position trimming a pole and was half scared to death by wounding himself with his own knife, thinking a snake had struck him.

At last preparations were finished and the boys were ready. Ralph marshalling his troops for the attack. "Tom, you and Will get on either side of the gentleman, with two of your poles and stir him up easy, only don't let him get away, and don't get too close."

The boys took their positions and prodded the snake gently, which replied back promptly, striking viciously at the stick and leaving two drops of yellow poison where his fangs struck, at the same time "singling" loudly. As the snake raised his head, Ralph attempted to cast the hickory bark which he had formed into a loop, over his head, but it fell short. He then tied it to the middle of the longest pole, and attempted to drop the loop over the reptile's ugly head again, but his attempt was futile.

"Fred, take your stick and poke the loop over his head," he said, and Fred promptly did so. "Now, hold his head down with your stick and you, Tom, hold down his tail with your stick while I tighten up."

This was quickly done and triumphantly Ralph raised his captive in the air and the burralls of his comrades

and enthusiastically the party proceeded on their return, the snake pendant by the neck in the middle of the pole and singing.

"Won't those city dudes be astonished when they see a real live rattlesnake!" said Tom.

"And won't the rattlesnake astonish them if they don't look out!" said Fred.

"We'll have to look out for that," said Ralph, "but I rather think we'll win the prize with this snake."

Realized \$27.70.

The box supper, ring sale and ice cream festival at the Town Hall Saturday night for the benefit of the parsonage was a success. There was not a very large crowd out, but much interest was shown, especially in the sale of the ring for voting for young ladies. Misses Delia Chadwick and Minnie Hamilton were the contestants, Miss Chadwick receiving 180 votes and Miss Hamilton, 141. As the votes were 3c each, the ring brought \$16.03.

An entertainment of music and song prefaced the program of the evening. Misses Louise Hill and Nina Randle participating, assisted by W. C. Hill with violin.

The program was as follows:

March, "Under the Double Eagle," Mr. Hill, Miss Hill.

Piano Selection, Miss Randle, Solo, "Calvary," Miss Hill, Minnet, Mr. Hill, Miss Hill, Solo, Miss Randle, Solo, Miss Hill.

Capt. Thomas, in his inimitable style, then took up the question of selling the boxes, which were contributed to the number of five. After some spirited bidding they were all auctioned off, realizing, \$5.35.

The ring was then voted for, Capt. Thomas conducting the contest with the following as judges: Chas. Curtis, Louis DeSaba, and Mrs. Sam Fisk. The result was \$16.03 in favor of Miss Delia Chadwick.

Ice cream was then sold to the amount of \$6.30, under charge of Mr. and Mrs. Lum Houts, the old reliables in the business.

The total proceeds of the evening were \$27.70, which, after expenses are deducted, we understand, will be used for purchasing furniture in parsonage, it being decided by the authorities of the M. E. Church, South, to save preachers the expense of moving furniture to the various charges by having the parsonages remain furnished.

Sayre, Ala.

Special to the News.

It seems like winter this morning and the fire feels fine.

James Moreland, of Adger, came in on the train yesterday evening to spend a few weeks with his sister, Mrs. C. W. Jones, to see if his health will get better here.

John Salters is here visiting his brother, Ezra Salters.

William Jones, of Whiteside, is visiting his sons, John and Charley Jones.

We are glad Oscar Manning is improving so fast.

Mrs. Mattie Grantham enjoys house-keeping fine.

Mrs. Bettie Jones is at Searles, where she went to attend the funeral of her sister, Miss Cora Hayes. M. J.

Waste of Ice.

According to a story told by Will Payne, the novelist, in the Saturday Evening Post, John Fox usually spends his summers in Maine with his friend, Thomas Nelson Page. Once while on a visit to Page he ran into a Kentuckian whom he had not seen for a long time. Suddenly it began to storm. Large hailstones were rattling down. The Kentuckian grew sad. As the storm and hail increased in fury he became sadder. Finally he broke into uncontrollable sobs and cried like a child.

"What is the matter?" asked Fox, in utmost bewilderment.

"Matter?" replied his friend.

"Look at what waste of cracked ice in a prohibition state."

Pointed Paragraphs.

Occasionally a dull person shines in an emergency.

A miser is loved by his neighbors as mice love a cat.

Women eat their rights as well as their lefts at a shoe store.

You'll never make good unless you take an occasional chance.

It takes a lunatic man to appreciate fully the good things of life.

A stubborn fountain pen often interrupts a man's flow of thought.

Keeping your mouth shut is an easy way not to hurt people's feelings.—Chicago News.

Reflections of a Bachelor.

The human race is moderately sane except when it is engaged.

Nearly everybody is your warm friend till he has a chance to prove it.

A man has to do a lot of drinking so as to make himself think he is a good fellow.

You can't make a woman see that there is no use of Uncle Sam having bargain sales in postage stamps.

A woman gets very little fun out of writing a letter if she has anything really interesting to put in it.—New York Times.

Eastland.

Special to the News.

"Uncle Gid" don't like the laws of Tennessee. It has taken him a long time to see the mistake he has made in voting the democratic ticket. Any man could have seen twenty years ago where the state was drifting under a democratic administration. As to the dog law, I have no objections. It seems that dogs are very valuable property. If a dog comes on your premises and you kill it, you will have to pay the worth of a good milch cow for so doing if the owner pushes you. If a dog is worth as much as a cow or horse, it ought to be taxable property.

Of course the school law is in bad shape, but there is no use kicking about it, "Uncle Gid." You helped to make the laws with your eyes wide open and I don't know that you will better the condition any by voting the republican ticket. "Uncle Gid" says he has always prided himself on being a democrat, but will never vote for W. J. Bryan because he is a democrat.

Well, "Uncle Gid," if you get the republicans in power they will pinch you just the same. What you want to do just for good men and let politicians alone. All they want is your vote. That is what they want, and when they get in office they will put the screws to you. Living under this democratic government is like living under a king. If you don't do just what they say, off comes your head.

It is very cool out here for this time of the year. It looks this morning like it would snow.

Harry Egbert arrived in town Saturday from Whitwell.

Hence Layne moved to Dunlap.

James Madison moved to Ravencroft last Friday.

Sam Rice made a flying trip down to Sparta Monday.

"Ponto," of Etwa, wanted to know how Hut Young was getting along out here. I have not seen him since I left Etwa. His wife left here a few days ago for Rockwood, Tenn.

A correspondent of Roopie advises the prodigal sons to come back to Etwa as their places are ready for them, but says if they haven't done any more since they left than they did before their picks don't need sharpening. I don't suppose the company wants such men as that. Yes, the company will help you, but you will have to pay all the same. They don't need a man that they have to help and never get anything in return. I have nothing to say against the company. One never knows how a company will treat them till they try them a while, and not till they do will they know.

The health of this town is very good. Born to Mr. and Mrs. Tom Stevenson, a fine boy, the 22nd of this month.

The communication from Boney Moore, of Whitwell, was an interesting one. Come again, Boney. It is surprising they would run on with incompetent men as long as they have and have not reached the fifty per cent. mark yet but there never was a lane that had no end.

J. G.

Caroline Chapel.

Special to the News.

We are having some very cool nights and mornings now.

Rev. Scott preached his farewell sermon here Sunday.

The box supper here Saturday night was attended by a large crowd.

Will Thomas called on his best girl Sunday.

Ed and Sherman Ross, of Whitwell, visited homefolks Sunday.

Tom Lewis went to Whitwell Saturday with a load of posts, but he lost the most of them before he got there.

W. C. Moore started his singing school here this week.

John Miller and best girl were out walking Sunday.

O. C. Rapier, the photographer, was here last week, striking beauties.

Arch Billingsley and Miss Ruth Griffith attended church Sunday.

James and George Richardson, from Victoria, attended church here Sunday.

Mrs. Holloway, of Sulphur Springs, is visiting her daughter, here this week.

Mr. Spears called on Mrs. Sam Billingsley Sunday evening.

I have a new kind of corn. It grows in the ground, I know, for it is not on the stalk.

"Blue-eyed Boy," jump back on your feet claws and come on.

Heard a fellow say that Miss Ava Lewis was the prettiest girl at church Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Cates visited his father and mother Sunday.

Miss Julia Motley left for South Pittsburg, Saturday to attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. Wash Kilgore and family and Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Barlow and children visited their mother, Mrs. Lewis, last week.

Clyde Griffith, of Whitwell, visited his father and mother Sunday.

Black Bird.

Thomas A. Edison, the great American inventor, says, "Fully eighty per cent. of the illness of mankind comes from eating improper food or too much food; people are inclined to over-indulge themselves." This is where indigestion finds its beginning in nearly so much work and no more, and when you overload it, or when you eat the wrong kind of food, the digestive organs cannot possibly do the work demanded of them. It is at such times that the stomach needs help; it demands help, and warns you by headaches, belching, sour stomach, nausea and indigestion. You should attend to this at once by taking something that will actually do the work for the stomach. Kodol will do this. It is a combination of natural digestants and vegetable acids and contains the same juices found in a healthy stomach. It is pleasant to take. It digests what you eat. Sold by Jno. W. Simpson, Jasper, Tenn.

Do you take the News? Only 50c.

APPOINTED TO BOARD OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

T. R. Harris, of this city, has been appointed a member of the County Board of Public Instruction, vice J. C. Kelly, resigned. The appointment was made by County Superintendent of Public Instruction, D. A. Tate, Tuesday, of last week as follows: "South Pittsburg, Tenn., Sept. 24, 1907: "By virtue of authority of law vested in me as county superintendent of Public Instruction, I hereby appoint T. R. Harris a member of the County Board of Public Instruction to fill the vacancy caused by J. C. Kelly, resigned."

Mr. Harris is an earnest worker along educational lines, and although we dislike to chronicle Mr. Kelly's resignation, still we feel that the appointment of Mr. Harris is a good one. He has had considerable experience in public school management, having filled the office of director for several terms satisfactorily, and has more leisure for solving the tangled problems under which the board is struggling than Mr. Kelly. We are confident he will put his thought and attention to the work, and it will prove beneficial to the public schools of Marion county.

Clifty.

Special to the News.

Pat Walker and family are now residents of Clifty.

Chas. McIntyre is now stopping at the Clifty Hotel.

Miss Nora Short arrived in Clifty Saturday for the purpose of taking charge of part of the primary students at the Clifty high school, Prof. Brandon and Miss Carney not being able to attend to them all.

The Vice President of the C. C. C. & Co. spent Saturday night and Sunday with his daughter, Mrs. W. B. Young, at this place.

Chas. McIntyre made a call in Eastland Sunday.

Miss Maggie Brown, of Texas, spent a few days in Clifty last week, to the satisfaction of Estan Lowrey.

Mrs. N. E. Jackson entertained Sunday evening. Those present were Misses Nora Short, Ellen Carney, Maggie Brown, Cora Brown, Misses Judge Bell, Chas. Bell, Ike Parker, Lillie Hodges, W. B. Young, James Anderson, Messrs. Earl Foster, Lawson Martin, Estan Lowrey, James Anderson, Ralph Drake, Wesley Jennings.

There has been a Christian revival going on at this place to the glory of God, with an addition of twenty-nine. There are seventy-six disciples of Christ at this place. The meeting closed Sunday night.

Rev. Charles Holder, who has been preaching at this place, will return the second Sunday in November for the purpose of preaching another series of sermons.

Come on, "Wanderer," I enjoy your pieces. Was glad to hear of Miss Bessie Hooper winning the prize at the cream supper.

Phoenix.

Easy to Mix This.

What will appear very interesting to many people here is the article taken from a New York daily paper, giving a simple prescription, as formulated by a noted authority, who claims that he has found a positive remedy to cure almost any case of backache or kidney or bladder derangement, in the following simple prescription, if taken before the stage of Bright's disease:

Fluid Extract Dandelion, one-half ounce; Compound Kargon, one ounce; Compound Syrup Sarsaparilla, three ounces. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

A well-known druggist here at home, when asked regarding this prescription, stated that the ingredients are all harmless, and can be obtained at a small cost from any good prescription pharmacy, or the mixture would be put up if asked to do so. He further stated that while this prescription is often prescribed in rheumatic afflictions with splendid results, he could see no reason why it would not be a splendid remedy for kidney and urinary troubles and backaches, as it has a peculiar action upon the kidney structure, cleansing these most important organs and helping them to sift and filter from the blood the foul acids and waste matter which causes sickness and suffering. Those of our readers who suffer can make no mistake in giving it a trial.

MONTEESE CAPTURED.

SOUTH PITTSBURG, Sept. 28.—Doc Montese, the slayer of Vincent D. Ladd, near Carpenter, was captured at a point on top of Sand Mountain, four miles below Island Creek Thursday morning about 1 o'clock. W. R. Ladd, brother of the murdered man, was principal in the capture, assisted by Sheriff Staples, of Jackson County, Ala., and three deputies, Wm. Glover, Geo. Helton and Geo. Sanders. Montese was in a mountain cabin when arrested. He made no resistance, and was taken to Scottsboro to jail.

You never have any trouble to get children to take Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. They like it because it tastes nearly like maple sugar. Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup is a safe, sure and prompt remedy for coughs and colds and is good for every member of the family. Sold by Jno. W. Simpson, Jasper, Tenn.

NOTICE.

I will be at Jasper on Monday of each week. All parties desiring dental work will please call at the Hughes House. I will be in Sequachee on the Friday nearest to 20th of the month.

N. B. MOORE, Dentist.

Take the News—only 50c for 52 copies.

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Why send your work out of the valley when it can be done cheaper at home? Help build up your own section.

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SOUTH PITTSBURG, TENN.

Kellys Ferry.

Special to the News.

A big crowd attended the wedding of Miss Julia McNabb to Mr. Sam Padgett Sunday. Wish them a long and happy life. The bride is a daughter of J. C. McNabb.

Miss Annie White visited Miss Phemia Newsom Sunday morning.

Miss Phemia Newsom said she was proud to get the pretty bouquet from her dear sister, Mrs. R. F. Richey, Sunday morning.

Mrs. Warren and little son called on Mrs. Newsom Friday evening.

Mrs. R. F. Richey and daughters, Nora and Lizzie, called on Mrs. Boatright, who was sick, Friday afternoon.

Jim and George Hix were hunting squirrels on the mountain Saturday. George got one squirrel.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Newsom and daughter, Phemia, went up to Chattanooga Monday. Miss Phemia was going to spend the week with her cousins.

Charlie Hartman got a foot hurt by a mule. I was sorry for him as he couldn't go up to see his best girl Sunday morning.

Tom McNabb, Jim Owens and John Brown were here Thursday night.

Miss Lizzie Newsom was all smiles Sunday. She got some roses.

George Browning went to see his best girl Sunday morning.

Mr. Steagler visited I. Newsom Saturday afternoon.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hamp Lawson, a fine girl Wednesday.

Joe Hartman went down to McNabb mines Saturday morning.

Tom and Ethel McNabb, Jim Owens, Pearl McNabb, Annie White, Chris Douglass, Dovie Boatright, George Browning and Ida White visited Misses Phemia and Lizzie Newsom Sunday evening.

Come on, "Sweet Potato," of Roopie. I would like to hear from you.

Blue Eyes.

Sayre, Ala.

Special to the News.

We are working nearly all the time now. The new ovens and washers are rapidly being pushed to completion. There will be no excuse about work then.

Some of our boys are leaving all the time and sometimes one comes back and we give him a new job.

Just over the river there is an arbor meeting going on and you can't guess what they do. They preach and pray and sing and argue and dispute and have all sorts of big times. And on this side is hop jack stand. They are rapidly being pushed to completion.

One of the best of the Whitesides, was there once or twice and he always sets the wood on fire where he goes. I wanted to go until he came and since then there has been an uproar all the time and I guess if he goes to heaven he will be disputing there, especially if he finds hog meat there. He don't eat hog meat and says that it is wrong. The New Testament says unto the pure all things are pure. I know that the Bible teaches holiness and that without holiness none can see God, for as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. Rom. 8, 14-17. I guess that I had better stop on that subject or I might say too much.

W. S. Jones is visiting his sons, J. S. and C. W. Jones, W. S. Jones lives at Wildwood, Ga.

I have just been to see Joe Bost, the man that was hurt in the mines here. He is getting all right. Oscar Manning, the other one that was hurt at the same time, is at home getting all right.

My brother and I may go to Connorsville after payday. He is not satisfied here. Sometimes I think this is just as good a place as I can find and sometimes I want to be somewhere else.

Bonny Boy.

New Church.

SHELLMOUND, Tenn., Sept. 28.—J. R. Hatfield, of Whiteside, pastor of Etwa circuit of the M. E. Church, south, has just completed a new church building at this place, which will be used by the members of the church he represents, and also by the Missionary Baptists of this place. Rev. J. W. Smith, of Ridgeville, will preach here the first Sunday in October in the new church, at 3 p. m. Everybody is cordially invited to attend.

Does your back ache? Do you feel tired and drowsy and lacking in ambition? If so, there is something wrong with your kidneys. DeWitt's Kidney and Bladder Pills relieve backache, weak kidneys and inflammation of the bladder. A week's treatment 25c. Sold by Jno. W. Simpson, Jasper, Tenn.

A Pair of School Ma'ams.

Bypaths that stray off into unknown green mazes are always alluring; this path was the more tempting because its course was along the bank of a mountain brook that seemed to run ahead and call on you to follow. Obeying its call led me into a pleasant wilderness of trees and grass overtopped by yellow flowers. Half a mile away rose the Ridge and through the stillness of the summer morning came the mellow roar of the river that tumbled over a rocky precipice not far distant.

Token of human dominion there was none, until a turn of the path and the brook brought into sight a small weather stained cottage so covered with vines and surrounded by trees that it seemed almost a part of the wild nature about it. On the porch was a young woman nursing a baby, and on the top step sat two little girls, one engaged in plaiting the yellow hair of the other. Some books and a slate lay beside them, and when the shining hair plait had been tied by a bit of blue ribbon, the elder sister said: "Put on your bonnet, Annie, and let's go. School will be taken in before we get there."

Often had I heard and read of the schools in the mountains—how rude and illiterate were the pupils and how uncouth was the dialect they spoke. The little girls were not in the least shy, and when I said I would walk with them to the school house they seemed well pleased. The elder one led the way; her sister tripped at my side.

On arriving at the schoolhouse, I found that it was also a church. A pulpit and a small organ was at one end, and a number of large, highly colored pictures of Bible scenes were tacked on the walls. As we were entering, a little girl began to play the prelude of a hymn and my small companion said, "We open the school with singing. That's one of the teachers' playin'." She's Miss Alice.

"One of the teachers?" I repeated. The child at the organ did not seem to be a dozen years old. I learned afterwards, that she was thirteen, and her sister, the co-teacher, was two years younger.

Purely through a desire to help the neglected children in the mountains, did these two little girls—scions of one of the most distinguished families in the state—walk a mile of rocky road and teach all the sweet summer morning—every day of their precious vacation.

The manner of these child teachers was perfect. It showed no posing, self consciousness or condescension—only a sweet friendliness, mixed with a gentle dignity that inspired respect and affection in their pupils, some of whom were older than themselves. From "The Open House" in Uncle Remus's Magazine for September.

ROOPE.

Special to the News.

Going to school is the order of the day.

If you want to see Prof. Condra smile just ask him how he likes to play ball and marbles.

"Town Jake" missed writing last week and everybody asked about me.

Albert Condra spent Sunday with home folks.

Ye writer has a big white cat. She has fifteen kittens and when she goes to move from Roopie she carries them all in her month at once. Guess how she does it.

Come on, "Middle-sized Grain." We like to read your pieces.

Albert Condra is the finest school teacher we ever had at Roopie.

Come on "Shag," we like to read your pieces, and also those of "Dofetchit" and "Gofetchit."

Miss Alice Parker visited Lizzie Smith Saturday.